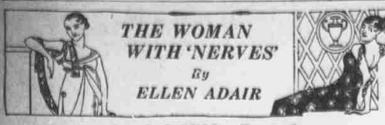
# THINGS WHICH INTEREST MAID AND MATRON—HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS AND FASHIONS



## An Infallible Remedy

complaint, which for want of a better name in popularly known as "nerves," is a product of modern civilization and an object of pity on the part of friends, relatives and, more capecially, herself. If she isn't an object of pity, then she considers herself of all creatures on the face of this earth most misunderstood and miscrable. For her malady demands a great measure of commiseration and more attention than this brisk, breezy, workaday world is inclined to give.

"My dear, I can't possibly do that, my nerves would never allow me!" is the excuse which many a woman brings to the fore on each and every occasion when something comes along that she doesn't quite like and doesn't wish to undertake,

And not only are nerves responsible for this negative attitude, but positively they are also responsible for certain strange and curious actions which the fair sufferer considers essential to her well-being and mental health. For nerves, like the proverbial charity, can be made to cover multitude of minor peccadilloes, which, if not actually sins, are certainly very far removed from being virtues.

The woman who gives way to nerves is her own worst enemy. She is certainly going to make herself positively unhappy; that is one thing sure and certain. And correspondingly she is going to become exceedingly unpopular wherever she goes. For nerves are irritating things, and their influence is scarcely conducive to joviality. They are oddly communicable, too. For their influence on a strong, wellbalanced mind is intensely irritating, and as for the mind that is weaker and not so well-balanced, it will at once become infected and "jumpy" and cross, and altogether very much upset.

The curious thing is that some women think that nerves are the outward and visible sign of a superior intellect and a more sensitive character than that usually found in a prosale world. How they ever fall into any such delusion is surprising. But most assuredly they do.

"John doesn't understand what nerves mean." a plaintive little wife will peevishly exclaim. "He is such a great, strong creature, so wrapped up in his work and his pleasures and his golf, that he has no time to understand the sensitive feelings of others. He rushes into the house like a cold north wind, slamming the doors behind him, and acting like a tornado! If he only realized what I suffer through his noisiness and his breeziness, he would surely try to be more considerate. But there, men are

The woman who is suffering from that ; all the same! You can't make them un-Interesting yet strangely unfathomable derstand or appreciate higher or finer

Yet that absurd little wife didn't realize one of her husband's good points. For, like all women who give way to "nerves," diagnose no complaint, could find no fault, except in a mind that constantly turned in on itself, that dwelt on fictitious woes and ills. For the nervous woman is always a "malade imaginaire,"

This particular one had an adoring husband, a fine home, plenty of money, a good intelligence. Yet all were wasted, unappreciated, allowed to go unheeded For against what must have been her better judgment she had foolishly given way to an imaginary condition that bade fair to wreck home and happiness.

It is a curious thing that one only hears about this complaint of nerves from those with whom fortune has dealt very kindly. The poor woman who has a dezen children and a sick husband to work for hasn't got time for any such luxury. If you spoke to her about "nerves," she would probably stare at you in a bewildered, uncomprehending way, and then tell you that she couldn't afford them. And it is an open question whether such a woman hasn't more real content and thankfulness in her disposition than has the rich, idle woman who has never learned to count her blessings or to thank providence for her good fortune.

The woman who is afflicted with nerver can cure herself, if she really desires so to do. For there is one infallible remedy which will set matters right and bring about the true balance of things. And it is this: Let her set to work to do something for somebody else. In work for others, in setting the mind on others' sorrows and others' difficulties lies the only real salvation for the woman af-

flicted with "nerves."

fly or spread. Then, too, a box of this kind with its grey exterior presents a neat appearance in the yard, and lastly it will wear indefinitely. Tomorrow's Menu

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to A. M. Biliveu, 762 South 51st street, West Philadelphia, for the fellowing suggestions:
If you have no rubber gloves, try dipping a pair of old gloves into hot linseed

ping a pair of old gloves into not inseed ell. This renders them waterproof. Now that it is time to let the furnace go out, a piece of lime placed in the fire pot of a furnace during the summer menths will prevent it from rusting.

A prize of 59 cents has been awarded to Incs Woodford Hyde, 109 Porrest street, Conshohocken, Pa., for the following sug-gestion:

To economize in spring apparel, fashion a new skirt from the Russian tunic of last year's style. First add a yoke hip depth with pointed elongations front and back to cover the old vent. Buttons may be placed down the sides of same and a new vent opened at the side. Next add a deep hem, turning up on the outside of the skirt and catch with an occasional

The length of these additions will depend on the length of the tunic, and the length of the skirt used.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Madame Pagerie, 429 Union street, Paterson, N. J., for the following suggestion:
Clean your husband's clothing at home in the following manner: First remove all dust and spots, with benzine or turpentine, or cold water and ammonia. Then put some white soap to boil in a pall of water; when the soap has dissolved, remove from the fire, take a piece of cheesecloth and soak in the solution, put it all over the cloth and fron dry Keep the solution warm all the time. Keep the solution warm all the time.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Juseph H. Nash, 216 Forest avenue, Narberth, Fa., for the following suggestion: So many yards are made unsightly through the necessity of burning papers, rubbies, etc., and so many ares have been started from poorly made burners that this suggestion may be of value to your readers.

Have a tox made of asbestos wood and angle from (of a wise to suit conditions). Let there be plenty of holes bored around the four sides near the bottom, and have the best fitted with a removable cover. On the side toward the prevailing winds gut a small door at the bottom and hinge his so that it can be used both as a same out door and to afford more draft bould the latter he needed.

Such a box will prove safer than one

\* MRS. A. REICHARD



LITT CHESTNUT STREET

natures than their own, can you?"

Now, the husband of the plaintive speaker, the bright, breezy and bracing husband in every way; attentive, kind. generous and deeply affectionate. He was wrapped up in his foolish little wife, and thought that nothing under the sun trict possessed. Not one of them seemed was quite so perfect as she was. But he couldn't control a certain cheerfulness of manner, which was as natural to him as was his frank disposition and kindly

she was a thorough egoist. She was also supremely discontented. And yet she had everything under the sun that the heart of woman could desire. Physically she was in excellent health. The doctor could be very sure of that.

"Immense reduction in eggs-only one shilling each."-Charles Reade.

BREAKFAST. Dried apricots Cereal and Crean Soft Bolled Eggs Egg Muffins

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER Shepherd's Pie Cranberries Baking Powder Biacult Peach Cake

DINNER. Orange Tomato Soup
Roast Pork with Apple Saide
Baked Sweet Potatoes Spir
Lettuce Salad Apple Tapioca Pudding

Egg Muffins-Beat four egg yolks until they are creamy and then add two cupfuls of milk. Beat again with a Dover egg beater. Sift into a bowl two cupfuls of pastry flour and half a teaspoonful of salt, or else use two cupfuls of ordinary flour with two even teaspoonfuls of baking powder and the salt. Pour the liquid mixture into this flour and beat with the egg beater until it is smooth. Then fold in the stiff whites of the eggs and turn into muffin

Peach Cake-Bake two layers of good cake. Put one on a plate and pile it with canned peaches, cut into small pieces. Cover it with the other layer and pile thick, slightly sweetened whipped cream on it.

Orange Tomato Soup-Just before serving some clear tomato soup, made of equal parts of tomato juice and meat stock, add an orange, carefully peeled and cut into small cubes.

## Sunshine

Blest power of sunshine! Genial day! What baim, what life is in thy ray. To feel the is such real biles hat had the world no joy but this To sit in sunshine calm and sweet, It were a world too exquisite. -Thomas Moore.



### The Daily Story

#### Joan's Garden

WAS down in one of the fine oldtime houses on West 23d street that Joan happened to have taken a room. She had come in from the country to write a column in a city dally called

"Chats With the Working Girl," and her advent to the city was fraught with both oy and homesickness.
In the first place, it was spring and spring to Joan had always meant garden-ing. She loved to put in little rows of seed and watch them breaking through

the earth and growing up into wonderful None of that in the city," she sighed "John," happened to be a perfectly model and looked out at the paved street with husband in every way; attentive, kind, its endless string of cars. Her glance roved about and at last rested upon the long, naked-looking strip of garden that each of the many old houses in her disto be in process of planting. "And so much could be made of them," thought Joan, and her arms ached to dig with a

spade and put growing things into the ground. Ten minutes later she was down talk-ing to her landlady.

"I would love to put in a parden-in front," she suggested with one of her ap-pealing smiles, "and I am pining for ex-

"You would have a hard time—in that place," said the landlady; "the ground hasn't been worked for a good 10 years. But you are welcome to try."

Joan went joyfully about her task. The spade she purchased and the slips

and seeds she came home with would have made six gardens riot with multicolored blossoms.

The ground, as Mrs. Tate had suggested certainly was hard. The late cold snap seemed to have left it frozen and Jean's cheeks were scarlet and her arms

tred with her effort to soften a trench for her sweet peas.

Looking up for a moment's reat, she caught sight of a man working in the second garden but one from her own. He had made a splendid trench and was even then putting in a very of scele. even then putting in a row of sceds.

Joan went swiftly out of her own gate and approached the man.

"Are you a day gardener or a private ne?" she asked. The man looked up and the smile under his light mustache was an amused

"Day," he said promptly: "can I help you out?" He had taken his pipe from his mouth and his cap from his head. A small white dog leaped joyfully about his

"Yes," said Joan. " I want a trenchauch as the one you have finished-made in my garden. Could you do it soon?" It didn't occur to Joan that . e man was other than a gardener. Many gar-deners were of most gentlemanly appear-ance. She waited engerly for his answer. "Immediately," said the man, and followed her to the other garden. The dog, too, entered into the affair. Joan almost forgot her purpose while fondling the dog. She had one of her own in the

dog. She had one of her own in the home village.
"I would like a deep trench—just along that fence, for sweet peas," she told the man, "The ground is frightfully hard." She sat on the stone step watching the man and playing with his dog. He was Scotch. Not only his accent, but his well-knif muscular frame suggested that cell-knit, muscular frame suggested that. Joan found herself admiring him. She busted herself with small flower boxes, into which she put her slips.

"Would there be anything further?"
It was the man who had asked her. He was standing close to her, and Joan saw the twinkle in his eyes that she had failed to see before.

o-I think that will do for the pres-she said. "How much do I owe

'We will let that go for the time being—you may want me again." With that he whistled to the small dog and raised his cap. A moment later he was busy in the other garden.

Joan was a trifle irritated for an un-known reason. As she put in her sweet pea seed she cast an occasional glance at the man who worked and whistled so

Josfully a few yards away.

However, she felt more nearly reconciled to city life and the spring seemed to have lent to her a trifle of its promise.

Days and weeks flew into a month. The seeds were beginning to raise little humps of earth as if struggling to break through into the world of visible growing things. Joan looked eagerly a dozen times a day at her trench. The man who had dug it for her worked only occa-sionally in that other garden and there were long intervals when he did not come out at all. Joan had come to the conclusion that he was a resident gar-dener and perhaps did other things in-

The sweet peas had lifted tiny green heads above the ground upon the day that Joan made her great discovery. She was glancing through a current magazine when she came across a photo-

graph of a man and a dog. The dog it was that first opened her eyes. It was a white dog, and it was none other than the one she had fondled white watching the supposed gardener at the work she had offered him. Joan looked quickly at the man's face

Her face, she fancled, went pale, even as does that of book heroines. Then she flushed angrily.

The photograph was of one, Robert MacLean, clever young author, who had recently been sent to Scotland to gather material for the series of Scotch stories, one of which would be found in the March number of Romance.

And she, Joan Lawler, had taken him for a gardener and offered him wages.

With characteristic directness she fumped up and looked out of the window into the garden below. Fortunately

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HAWORTH'S

Spring Suit



the man with his pipe and dog was there. Joan did not stop to put on a hat. She went down like a small fury, the open magazine in her hands and approached MacLean.

He looked up with a quizzleal light it his very blue eyes. When he saw the open magazine in Joan's hands he smiled broadly. The tweed cap was hanging limp in his hand,

"Why did you let me take you for gardener?" demanded Joan, with flashing eyes and gloriously colored cheeks. "Because I was at the moment yo came for me secretly craving that disthe honor of digging a sweet pea trench for Miss Joan Lawler." The smile was undaunted in his eyes. The little dog had greeted Joan like a lost friend. She found herself trying vainly to be angry. "I have a whole scrapbook full of 'Chats With Working Girls'," went on

She could at least play at gardening in the interim between columns of chats with working girls, "and your picture is at the head of every column. I thought perhaps you would charter that the property of the columns of chats with working girls. umn. I thought perhaps you would chat with me, but you did not." He ended rather appealingly, and Joan smiled frankly into his eyes.
"My sweet peas came up today," she

said, and held out a silm hand for Mac-Lean to clasp. "I want to thank you for making the spring homelike for me. I was dreadfully homesick for the coun-

ry and the growing things when—"
"So was I," said MacLean. "I want
to take a little place in the country—
where there is a garden—soon." He
looked long and intently at Joan. Her lashes swept hurriedly down and she buried a peculiarly happy smile in the small dog's white fur. "That would be lovely," she said, and or a fleeting moment her eyes looked

into MacLean's, (Copyright, 1914.)



moment to decide

In the strife of truth with falsehood for the good or evil side! Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight, Puts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right.

And the choice goes by for ever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

—James Mussell Lowell.

## Her Lover

What would I do, dear, to win you? Set me a task! All that a man may I'll venture, If you but ask.

Would you a star in your crown set? Heaven will I scale; Yet will the light of its fairest, Next your eyes pale!

Is there on earth aught you long for?
Breatne but its name, O my aweet!
Death I'll defy to secure it. Lay it in love at your feet.
-E. D. Farrar.

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## A New Frock

started an investigation, with the result that mother took the gown. She has an engagement for a rather fashionable bridge party next week, and this gown has the necessary touch of formality and

ished on with two accordion platted for the color, for it has a them look so different the color, for it has a them look so different the that odd little skirt. It had a real, true- | progressing with George

Mother and I went out today and she fell in love with a gown in a shop window. Of course, we went inside and started an investigation, with the result that mother took the gown. She has that mother took the gown. She has an engagement for a rather fashionable an engagement for a rather fashionable an engagement for a rather fashionable and the foundation of the platted chiffon, and a tiny pepium in the place by a semification of the platted chiffon, and a tiny pepium in the place by a semification of the platted chiffon, and a tiny pepium in the place by a semification of the platted chiffon, and a tiny pepium in the back, held in place by a semification of the platted chiffon, and a tiny pepium in the back, held in place by a semification of the platted chiffon, and a tiny pepium in the back, held in place by a semification of the foundation of the platted chiffon, and a tiny pepium in the back, held in place by a semification of the platted chiffon, and a tiny pepium in the back, held in place by a semification of the platted chiffon, and a tiny pepium in the back, held in place by a semification of the platted chiffon, and a tiny pepium in the back, held in place by a semification of the platted chiffon, and a tiny pepium in the back, held in place by a semification of the platted chiffon, and a tiny pepium in the back, held in place by a semification of the platted chiffon, and a tiny pepium in the back, held in place by a semification of the platted chiffon, and a tiny pepium in the back, held in place by a semification of the platted chiffon, and a tiny pepium in the back, held in place by a semification of the platted chiffon, and a tiny pepium in the back, held in place by a semification of the platted chiffon, and a tiny pepium in the back, held in place by a semification of the platted chi

an engagement for a rather fashionable bridge party next week, and this gown has the necessary touch of formality and informality about it to be suitable, if you know what I mean.

The costume was very simple, but elaborately so. The foundation of the gown was foulard, in a creamy tint, with a flowered design of wistaria violets over it. The bodice had a cream lace vestee and upstanding cellar, ilke most of this season's models, and long sleeves, finished off with two accordion platted ruffes of black chiffon at the cuff. The skirt was the most distinctive part of the skirt was the most of this scenario, a gown is no real good to eas which is not called and to match—at teast, that's what the woman in the shop said Some how, I doubt her philosphy, but mother only wanted some one to encourage her, and she bought a stunning hat.

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## AROUND THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

Lingerie and Accessories for Women

The price is \$1.

The craze for colored and sheer lin- any costume now. They are made of gerie is growing, both in everyday styles and fancy lingerie. Georgette crepe, chiffon, crepe de chine and batiste are fashionable, although some fashion experts say that the prime favorite for lingerie this spring and summer will be chiffon. White is always used, and flesh pink, and some of the shops are showing Nile greens, mauve, baby blue and flowered chiffons. These are more expensive than the ordinary crepe de chine models.

A plain envelope combination, of China silk, in white or flesh color, has all the seams hemstitched together. It is meant for practical wear and the price is \$2. One of our largest Chestnut street shops is selling very feminine-looking pajamas, either plain white or in striped materials, for \$3 a pair. They look delightfully cool for the hot weather which is coming. Some of the more elaborate styles are

hand embroidered. A fancy Dorine box which will fit in woman's purse is made of rose silk, with antique gold trimmings, and a Pompadour medallion in the centre. These are nice for a consolation prize at a bridge, and only cost 60 cent

A narrow white moire or kid belt is made attractive by a stripe of black which is placed in the centre. A gilt buckle clasps this in front, and the price is the Bracelets may be had to match almost



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satin ribbon bows.

Silk vests are very cheap just now, and the wise woman will lay in a store before the hot weather comes. One of the large Market street stores is selling machine-embroidered vests, in white and pink silk, of good quality, for \$1.50 apleca. A charming little bag for the "stitch in time" is made of Dresden ribbon with fittings of scissors, emery bag, needle case and all the necessary articles, it case and all the necessary articles,

rhinestones, amethysis, emeralds, etc.

Little Wilhelmina boudoir caps are on

sale at an exclusive Walnut street shop for \$1.50. These may be had in every color, with shadow lace edgings and satin ribbon bows.



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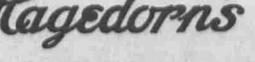


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